

Roffler was much younger (and so prettier to my young eyes) than either Miss Romig or Miss Ohmig. With Miss Ohmig I felt discipline had been relaxed as compared to Miss Romig's older settled approach to teaching. I do not know for sure when handwriting was introduced (following printing), but I choose to relive that great day with pen and lined paper with Miss Roffler at the blackboard extolling (and perfectly illustrating) *The Palmer Method* of handwriting. I remember the blackboards (which were green, not black) had perfect examples of all capitals and lower-case *Palmer* letters, numbers and symbols permanently painted at the top of each blackboard. One supposes the first labors over arithmetic appeared; I simply can't remember which teacher introduced addition/subtraction. The logic of simple problems was both interesting and somewhat magical. Lurking in the future was the dreaded mandatory memory exercise of learning the multiplication table ("surely the teacher jests; how could anyone ever memorize such a complicated table?")

Stern disciplinarian and beloved Art teacher Miss Lowe, new to Central School, led us to new highs in Art accomplishment. This dear lady had transferred from the school system in Toppenish, Washington, and reminded us daily of how much better Toppenish was. Miss Lowe never missed an opportunity to correct some of my wayward conduct. I vividly recall her slamming me into the clothes closet (against a clothes hook) for some infraction of classroom rules (probably mimicking "things were never like this in Toppenish"). Miss Lowe possessed a very prominent aquiline profile; this facial feature reinforced her ability to scathingly reduce one to nothingness by the spoken word. Miss Lowe honored me by telephoning and asking me to visit her at school when I came home from pilot training in World War II. I'm sure she was convinced I might have done better had I only been a student in Toppenish schools. I also remember Miss Lowe enforcing long hours of practice on *The Palmer Method*; she at the blackboard with a new piece of chalk reiterating the necessity of the arm moving in smooth circles or "up- and-downs" and we students scratching an old-fashioned pen on our lined paper (paper ripping, ink blotting, pen nib expiring). All lower grade teachers seemed to have unusual ability to illustrate beautiful handwriting (in later years I would hear a Gilbert & Sullivan song: "He wrote his ciphers in a big, round hand....he wrote his ciphers so carefully--that now he's the ruler of the Queen's Navy" and invariably think of the *Palmer Method* and the teacher's "big, round hand").

Every boy in the class had a "crush" on Miss Wells; small wonder! She was petite, extremely pretty, fashionable, friendly and drove a 1934 Chevrolet coupe with a rumble seat. Miss Wells had no need for extreme discipline; such a delicate and young lady was there (surely) only to make our days brighter (at least this smitten student thought). I believe Miss Wells focused our attention to the public library thereby introducing a facility which continues to enrich life. For as long as